

Eternal Sacred King

Chapter 3320

Su Zimo looked at the blood-robed woman and felt his heart skip a beat. He was in a daze and did not know if this person was real or an illusion. The two of them had been separated for more than 80,000 years.

It was different from when Die Yue transformed into a butterfly in Ping Yang Town. This time, the two of them were separated by life and death in the Middle World.

In fact, Su Zimo did not even know if he would be able to see Die Yue again after ascending to the Greater World.

What would Die Yue be like when they met again?

It was only at this moment that he realized that Die Yue was still the person he thought about day and night. In fact, she was even younger than before. There was a hint of youthfulness on her carefree and lazy face.

Su Zimo had witnessed Die Yue die in front of him with his own eyes.

That despair, helplessness and pain made him feel so miserable that he wanted to die.

He was far away from his hometown and traveled the 3,000 worlds alone to relieve the pain in his heart. However, it was still difficult for him to escape.

Just now, when he saw Die Yue, all the pain and agony vanished into thin air.

There was only endless joy left in his heart.

Su Zimo's eyes reddened and he could not bear to look away. He merely looked at Die Yue in a daze and could not even bear to disturb her.

After an unknown period of time.

Suddenly, the blood-robed woman harrumphed softly and said, "You've been staring at me for a long time. How rude!"

As she said that, the blood-robed woman opened her eyes and looked in Su Zimo's direction.

"Eh?"

When the blood-robed woman saw Su Zimo's expression, she pursed her lips and a smile appeared in her beautiful eyes. "You're an interesting person. Why are you so aggrieved and your eyes reddened after a single sentence from me?"

Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat and he felt a sense of uneasiness. He hurried forward and arrived under the peach blossom tree, asking with a trembling voice, "Die Yue, don't you recognize me?"

"Why should I recognize you?"

The blood-robed woman stared at Su Zimo for a moment and shook her head.

When Su Zimo saw that Die Yue did not seem like she was joking with him, he could not help but shudder and his face turned incomparably pale!

The words of the Demonic Emperor appeared in his mind.

"She was reborn in the Great Thousand World, not reborn."

"The so-called new life means that all traces of this life will be erased."

"When she is reborn in the Greater Thousand Realms, she can become any one of the Myriad Races. She will also forget everything in this life, including you."

In the end, the Evil Emperor was right.

The two of them met again, but they didn't know each other.

Su Zimo's heart ached.

Most of the joy he had felt earlier had been washed away.

Right at this moment, the blood robed woman continued,

"Moreover, my name isn't Die Yue, it's Su Die."

"Ah?"

Stunned, Su Zimo asked, "Why is your surname Su? Who gave you this name?"

"I picked it myself."

The blood-robed woman's eyes flashed with pride when she mentioned this. She said, "I was raised by a bunch of butterflies. The first word I spoke was Su, and the first word I recognized was Su."

"I'm guessing that I must have been an extraordinary person in my previous life. Su is so important to me, so it should be my surname ..."

Before the blood-robed woman could finish her sentence, she saw that Su Zimo's eyes were red and tears were streaming down his face.

After the reincarnation cycle, Die Yue had almost forgotten everything about her previous life, including herself.

However, she did not forget him.

On the peach blossom tree, the blood-robed woman looked down at Su Zimo who was crying his eyes out. Her heart skipped a beat and she felt a pang of heartache for no reason.

The blood-robed woman closed her eyes and remained silent for a long time. Suddenly, she floated down and arrived before Su Zimo. She asked gently, "What's your name?"

"My name is Su Zimo."

Su Zimo's eyes were red from crying as he replied softly.

"Oh."

The blood-robed woman seemed to reply casually.

Su Zimo wiped away the tears on his face and took a deep breath. "Miss Die, I want to tell you a story. Are you willing to listen?"

"That depends on whether your story is good or not."

The blood-robed woman smiled gently.

Su Zimo nodded and tried his best to compose himself.

With a reminiscing expression, he said softly, "There's a small town in Tianhuang Mainland called Ping Yang Town."

"There was a scholar in the small town who had a house of his own. There was a peach blossom tree like this in his courtyard as well."

As he spoke, Su Zimo pointed to the peach blossom tree at the side.

No matter what, Die Yue still remembered something. If not for that, she would not have planted those peach blossom trees near her residence.

Su Zimo believed that his time in Ping Yang Town had left a deep impression in Die Yue's heart.

He hoped that he could use that to awaken Die Yue's memories of her previous life.

Su Zimo continued, "The scholar's daily life was nothing out of the ordinary. It was nothing more than reading and writing. Until one day, he went out and met a red-robed lady who was severely injured and unconscious. He saved her ..."

Su Zimo recounted how they first met, how Die Yue left him with three gifts and how he chased after Die Yue's footsteps to the middle world where they finally met ...

The two of them fought against the heavens together and destroyed the heavenly palaces before Die Yue died in the hands of the Nirvana Ghost Mother ... It was an extremely long story.

Su Zimo was immersed in his memories and unknowingly, he had already spoken for three days and three nights.

He did not realize that even after such a long time, the blood-robed woman did not reveal any hint of impatience on her face. She listened to him quietly without interrupting at all.

Instead, when he talked about his feelings, a hint of gentleness would flash through the eyes of the blood-robed woman when she looked at him.

After the entire story, Su Zimo finally snapped out of his daze and heaved a sigh of relief.

"It's a fascinating story,"

The blood-robed woman smiled calmly. "Are you trying to say that the scholar in the story is you and the red-robed woman is my previous life?"

"You don't believe me?"

Su Zimo did not expect that it would be useless even after telling her everything about his previous life. He could not help but feel anxious.

His heart skipped a beat as he hurriedly took out a painting from his storage bag and unfurled it in front of the blood-robed woman.

There were two people drawn on the painting, a man and a woman.

The man had black hair and green robes. His eyes were like torches – he was Su Zimo.

The woman's blood red robes reached the ground and she looked down at the world – she was Die Yue.

This was a painting given to Su Zimo by the Painting Immortal Mo Qing before he ascended.

"Miss Die, look."

Su Zimo pointed at the two people in the painting and said, "This is a painting given to me by an old friend in the middle world. Aren't the people in the painting us?"

The blood-robed woman glanced at the painting and her gaze landed on a line of words at the bottom right corner of the painting. She read it softly, "I hope that Junior Brother Su can find her soon and live together for the rest of his life."

The blood-robed woman looked at the line of words and smelled the faint fragrance from the

painting. Suddenly, she asked, "This was given to you by a woman, right?"

"Yes."

Su Zimo nodded instinctively. "The Painting Immortal of Qiankun Academy, Senior Sister Mo Qing."

"Why haven't I heard you mention this Senior Sister Mo Qing before?"

The blood-robed woman glared at Su Zimo and asked with a fake smile.

"I ..."

Su Zimo was stumped for a moment.

In his story earlier on, he was mostly talking about his longing for Die Yue. Naturally, he would save as much as he could.

All of a sudden!

Su Zimo's heart skipped a beat as he snapped back to his senses and looked at Die Yue in disbelief. He was emotional and could not care less as he grabbed Die Yue's hands and asked with a trembling voice, "Y-You've remembered, haven't you?" Die Yue's face flushed red but she did not break free. She looked at Su Zimo with a tender gaze and nodded gently.

Su Zimo's heart almost exploded as his blood boiled. He asked hurriedly, "When?"

"Just when you were crying."

Die Yue pursed her lips and smiled.

Su Zimo blushed shyly. However, he was incomparably happy.

When he was crying, he hadn't finished telling the story yet.

Su Zimo said, "Why didn't you say so earlier? You made me ..."

Die Yue said gently, "We haven't seen each other for a long time. I want to hear you talk to me.

Even three days and three nights wouldn't be enough."

Su Zimo's heart warmed when he heard that. He wrapped his arms around Die Yue and pulled her into his embrace.

The two of them could feel each other's heartbeats as they hugged each other tightly. They were almost using all their strength, as though they were afraid that the other party would leave them again.

This time around, the two of them knew that no one would be able to separate them.

There were more words in this chapter.

(End of Chapter)